the dead man: but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfet too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother Iohn, ful brauely hast thou flesh't
Thy mayden sword.

Iohn. But soft, whom haue we heare?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eiesight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eies
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, Percie I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying. I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd so: if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For